

together. she has her parties
and I have
myself. I read her this poem and she got
mad. she said, "People are going to think
you no longer see me." o.k., people, I
still see her but it's one on
one. o.k., toad, and thanks for the postcard
from Paris.

demise

the son of a bitch
was one of those soft left wing guys
belly like butter who
lived in a big house, he
was a businessman
and he told
her:
"he'll be your
demise."

imagine anybody saying
that: "demise."

we drove in from the track,
she'd lost \$57 and she said:
"you'd better stop for something to
drink."

she wore an old army jacket
and when I came out with the bottle
she took the cap off
and took a straight swallow right down --
a longshoreman's suicide gulp
tilting her head back under dark glasses.

my god, I thought.

a nice country girl like that
who loves to dance.

her 4 mad sisters will never forgive me
and that soft left wing son of a bitch
with a belly like butter (in that big
house) was
right.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA